

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 31,

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1909

\$2.50 PER YEAR, 10c. PER COPY

Halibut Begins To Move

Five and one-half cents per pound in Seattle for halibut is injecting great life into the fishing business, and although early in the season for this region, Petersburg and Scow Bay are shipping fish on every boat. This year's catch is reported to be of excellent quality, and a good season is expected by everybody.

Some Big Potatoes

N. L. Moen was treated to quite a surprise the other day when he started to harvest his potatoes. He had planted them more as an experiment than in the hope that they would amount to anything, and his surprise may be imagined when out of the first hill he dug 25 fine, big, smooth potatoes. The wonder of the size of the crop is the greater when the fact is taken into consideration that the ground on which the potatoes were grown was made last spring mostly from old sawdust and the like.

Adj. Smith is away on a tour of inspection of the different divisions

of the Salvation Army under his charge. He left on the Uncle Dan last Thursday night.

Who Swiped the Glim

Captain Kidd has to stay close at home these evenings, somebody purloined his lantern, and he is afraid to trust himself out alone after night without it. To The Sentinels man he said, "I skal got two lante'n, one pretty dam goot, udder not. Sum faller he dun go aboard ma boat an swipe der goot wan. Ah tank ah would like you put in paper if he bring home goot lante'n Ah give him bum wan."

1910 Calendars Arrive

Several of the local stores are in receipt of their calendars for next year, and have put them on the shelves to hold them until the time for distribution arrives. Donald Sinclair's, "The First Cigar" is a winner, and brings back memories of the old days behind the barn. The Thlinget Trading Co. are out with a fine one entitled, "The Path to the Old Spring," which is a beauty.

The Latest Word

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR GENERAL LAND OFFICE Washington, D. C.

September 30, 1909

MARCUS FAYETTE INMAN, Trustee,
Wrangell, Alaska.

Sir:
I am in receipt of your letter of September 9, 1909, relative to your duties as trustee in disposing of lots in the townsite of Wrangell Alaska, in which you refer to my telegram of July 26, and to my letter of August 21, 1909.

The instructions in said telegram not to pay any more money on account of surveying and platting until the account therefor is adjusted by this office are still in force, but you will as instructed in said letter, otherwise proceed with the execution of said trust.

You are referred to Section 18, Pages 10 and 11 of the Alaska Townsite Circular, wherein trustees in such townsites are directed, after all allotments and awards have been made by them upon applications filed for lots, and deeds have been issued thereon, to prepare and submit to this office a statement showing all tracts not disposed of by deed and each tract awarded to a claimant or claimants who have failed to make payment of the assessments thereon; that should such proceedings be found regular, no errors appearing in such statement, the trustees will be directed by this office to give notice that they will sell at a certain time and place not less than 60 days from the date of such notice at public outcry for cash, "all lots and tracts remaining unoccupied and unclaimed at the date of said entry, and all lots and tracts claimed and awarded on which the assessments have not been paid at the date of such sale."

You will therefor proceed in accordance with the provisions of said paragraph, and if, when such sale is ordered, no applications undisposed of are on file for occupied lots, the notice of sale shall inform such occupants that their lots will be disposed of at public sale to the highest bidder, unless, before the day of sale, they shall apply for the same, furnish the required proof, and pay the required assessment.

Very respectfully
FRED DENNETT,
Commissioner.

Wrangell, Alaska, Oct. 14, '09
In pursuance of the above letter, I will be in my office for the purpose of transacting business, on Monday, October 18, at 8 a. m. Those having applications for deeds on file are respectfully requested to take out their deeds, or withdraw their applications.

Respectfully,
MARCUS FAYETTE INMAN,
Townsite Trustee.

"Cash" Coulter and associates shipped 180 dozen crabs on the Humboldt this week.

Postal Official Transferred

W. A. Graves, who for a long time has been postal inspector in this section of Alaska, was aboard the Jefferson last night going to Portland, Oregon, where he will hereafter be stationed. Mr. Graves has made an excellent official and is highly thought of by all who know him up here. The successor of Mr. Graves is E. J. Wetzler and he has already arrived and taken up his duties at Skagway.—Juneau Record.

Afternoon For Mrs. Milligan

Mrs. F. Matheson entertained Saturday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Milligan, a large number of local ladies being present. Dainty refreshments were served. Those present were Mesdames. Milligan, McCormack, Bronson, Coulter, Campbell, Bushell, Rastad, Uhler, Wheeler, Waters and Hofstad; and the Misses Koebler, McCormack, Carhart, Zimmerman, Margaret Uhler and Catherine Bronson.

Hung Up On Bar

Capt. Kenig Johannsen made the discovery this week, that its not all fun running a gas boat on the Stikine. Last Saturday he left for the mouth of the Iskut with a hunting party and undertook to tow a Pererborough canoe. All went fairly well until the home of the Stikine wind was reached, when the tow swamped and trouble began. The engine was stopped and preparations made to empty the water out of the canoe and haul it up on deck. While this was being done, the Duckland was blown away out of her course onto a gravel flat, and before she could be gotten off, the river fell so much that she was there, apparently for the winter. Kenig tried to see if he could dig out enough of a channel to get her off, but without avail, and all the while the swells were pounding the boat's keel deeper and deeper into the bar. When the captain had just about made up his mind to go into camp for the winter, the river started to raise, and the next morning the Duckland was free.

The last boats of the White Pass left Whitehorse on October 7th and Dawson on October 10th.

A NEW HAT

Looks prosperous, while an old hat spoils the general effect no matter how good the rest of a man's attire may be. We carry the latest styles in the STETSON and THANHAUSER brands.

The same argument applies to Shoes, of which we have a plentiful variety, and have also just received a large shipment of



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Wrangell - - Alaska

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

Published at Wrangell, Alaska, every Thursday Afternoon

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THE ONLY GROUND

Territorial division is a subject that is attracting many converts. It has merit and will doubtless be the common ground upon which the opposing forces can agree.—Ketchikan Miner.

This paper is indeed glad to see that the Miner is coming to its senses at last on the Territorial Government question. Division is the only possible way out of the muddle, and the quicker the papers of the district recognize that such is the case, the better for all concerned. We do not believe that there is a single individual in the whole of Alaska, who is satisfied with conditions as they are, they ALL recognize the insufficiency of the present form of government, but we would be leaving the troubles we have to fly to others that we know not of, if we were to make the change suggested in Mr. Wick-ersham's bill. One has only to look back at the history of the political conventions in this territory to see that Southeastern Alaska would have a little less than no chance at all for justice, as opposed to the two northern districts. They have always dominated everything in the past and would do the same in the future—they would do the playing and we would do the paying.

Let us have the territory divided into two, or even, as Sulzer suggests, three districts, let us try the President's suggestion of a commission, and then later, when it has been shown that the conditions are ripe, let us have territorial government, but let us have that government, so that we can have the possibility of voice in its conferences, an impossibility if the whole of Alaska be organized under one head, as one territory. Division is the common ground on which we can meet, and it may be added, the ONLY ground.

Mrs. T. J. Case and little son Bruno, returned on Saturday's Humboldt from a trip to the Sound country.

Wm. Lewis, who had been taking in the sights at the Fair in Seattle, was a Wrangell passenger

on last week's Humboldt. He reports a most enjoyable trip.

Ground Hog

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a ground hog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a ground hog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."

A young Scottish recruit had been placed on guard for the night outside of the colonel's tent. In the morning the colonel stubk his head out.

"Who are you?" he demanded sternly.

The young man turned and affably replied:

"Fine; hoo's yerself?"

Editor Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin has red hair. Editor Cretcher of the Sedgwick Pantograph has no hair at all.

"Mac," asked Junkins, "how did you loose your hair?"

"It was red and I pulled it out," growled Cretcher.

Steve Long is noted for attending to his own business and saying very little about it. One morning an inquisitive neighbor met him returning from the woods with his gun over his shoulder.

"Hello, Steve. Where ye been? A-shootin'?"

"Yep."

"What ye been a-shootin'?"

"Dog."

"Yer dog? My! Was he mad?"

"Wall, he didn't look so danged well pleased."

Subscribe

for the

SENTINEL

Here And There In The North

Forty-mile still clamors for a share of attention with a \$1,000 nugget.

Camp Gibbon, No. 25, of the Arctic Brotherhood has been instituted at Tanana.

Edward J. Miles, a Yukon pioneer, died on the 6th instant at Dawson of Bright's disease.

The wagon road built by British Columbia from the boundry line to Rainy Hollow is completed.

Daniel McDonald, a passenger on the City of Seattle, bound for Prince Rupert, was drowned at Ketchikan.

Sam J. Callahan and George M. Arbuckle are now associated in the publication of the Tanana Leader.

The petitions of eighteen applicants for citizenship were heard by Judge Lyons at Fairbanks on October 2nd.

Eight inches of snow fell at Log Cabin last Friday. Snow is also reported at Whitehorse and along the Yukon.

The tax levy for the current year at Nome is one and one-half per cent, which will provide a revenue of \$35,000.

Thirty-six miles of steel rails have been landed at Prince Rupert by the steamer Hercules. The rails are of the 80-ponnd type.

The Alaska Steamship Company's liner Victoria made the trip from Nome to Seattle in seven days and eighteen hours.

E. J. White, editor of the Whitehorse Star, is contemplating a trip to the outside, the first since coming north 12 years ago.

An exchange tells of two men on Dahl creek, in the Lougarok, who hauled water in barrels four miles to their claim, rocked the dirt, and made \$185.00 to the rocker.

Capt. W. O. Hughes, of the Princess Royal, had an attack of heart failure while the ship was at Skagway recently, and for a time was in a very critical condition.

A late arrival on the outside from the Susitna reports that while there are fully 200 men in the Yetna district and the Upper Susitna, but very little is doing this season.

Hundreds of men are rushing from Fairbanks to the new discovery on the Iditarod, a tributary of the Innoka. Five steamer loads have left Fairbanks and many are on the road from Nome.

The Empire says that since the week following the sale of lots, or, in other words, in about fourteen weeks time, 144 buildings have been constructed in Prince Rupert at a total cost of \$200,000.

The Valdez Prospector says that when Immigration Officer Krauczunas started deporting the undesirable females of the Tanana district it became known that if they were legally married to an American citizen they could not be deported. In order to stay in the country they offered to buy husbands and one French woman paid \$1,500 to a man who married her.

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PAID

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Eugene Walter's
Great Play

CHAPTER III.

HE was a skillful architect indeed who first devised the bandbox apartment houses so common now in all parts of New York and must have sat up many nights working out how to extricate the maximum of rent revenue from the area on which he had to fit the structure.

If there were any flats in Harlem of smaller dimensions than the one of four rooms occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brooks the most experienced and persistent hunter after a place in which to lodge his family with relative economy and some semblance of comfort would have had the time of his or her life finding it. And if other flats there were more luxuriously fitted up, as easily might have been—in fact, certainly must have been—the case, at least there was none, whatever its size, that was kept cleaner or neater or in which more effective use of available material had been made than that over which Mrs. Emma Brooks presided as mistress and factotum.

And Mrs. Brooks herself—how she graced it, altogether unconsciously! As the elder of two daughters of Stanley Harris, who, while not rich, had been well to do, she had been brought up in the comfort of a good home and had enjoyed the advantage of an education at a private seminary. Her father, whose constant companion she had been and whose sense of democracy in the matter of association she had inherited, had adored her, and when she had given her heart to Joseph Brooks, electing him from among numerous suitors, including James Smith, he gave his consent to their union against his own judgment and in face of the strenuous opposition of his wife, esteeming the girl's happiness superior to all other considerations.

Brooks, who had been in the employ of the Latin-American Steamship company for one year and had been brought into relations with the family by virtue of his selection as secretary to her father, the general manager, had no means whatever of his own, and his salary, then \$60 a month, was a desperately small income on which to begin housekeeping for a girl reared as she had been. But her father helped them, and the young couple counted upon his influence to procure the advancement of his son-in-law to a more remunerative post.

Unfortunately for them, however, Mr. Harris had died a few weeks after their wedding, and they found themselves thrown upon their own resources. Mrs. Harris, a selfish, shallow, unfeeling woman with social pretensions, who regarded her daughter's marriage with the young clerk as a mesalliance and Brooks himself with disdain, left them to shift for themselves and with her other daughter, Beth, who was seven years younger than Emma and shared her mother's views, as she imitated her haughtiness, settled down to the enjoyment of the modest fortune her husband had left her and the indulgence of the ostentation she loved, but which during Mr. Harris' lifetime she had never been able to gratify to the top of her bent. She did not for this, however, withdraw altogether from association with Emma and Brooks and continued on more or less amicable terms with them. Now and then she condescended to call upon them with Beth, but her visits, as a rule, were a good deal of a trial to the young couple, for she regarded Brooks' failure to get on in the steamship company as a vindication of her opinion as to his ability and the judiciousness of their marriage and was prone to condone with her daughter, assume an exasperating I-told-you-so attitude and lament what might have been.

During the four years of their married life Brooks' salary had been raised only \$20 a month, although in addition to his work as accountant, to which he had been assigned after Mr. Harris' death, that of collector had been thrust upon him. It had been a hard, bitter experience for pretty little Mrs. Brooks, this unaccustomed drudgery of housework, this continuous scouring of greasy pots and pans and washing of dishes, which she loathed; this deprivation of comforts and luxuries that she had known all her life; this privation of many personal things considered indispensable by the dainty woman; this necessity of perpetual rigid economizing, which barely sufficed to make both ends meet. She deprived herself of much needed clothing, to say nothing of finery, that Joe might go properly clad to his office,

IN FULL

By
John W. Harding

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but she never for that reason descended to slovenliness, never "let herself go," as so many women in their own households make the mistake of doing, and never had she allowed one word of complaint, one indication of regret, to escape her. She had married Joe for love, for better or for worse, and resigned herself bravely and cheerfully to the consequences, however hard to bear, hoping for the better times that were so long in coming and encouraging her husband to fight on and win.

Joe, for his part, lacked his wife's grit and energy, and constant disappointment had undermined his fortitude. He loved Emma. He hardly could have done otherwise, though calculation had entered largely into his courting of her. Chivalrously, while the sweet bliss of their early married life held him in its spell, he had done as much of the heavier work of the menage as he could to spare her when time and opportunity afforded, but very naturally he had soon tired of this—where is the man who does not?—and by degrees had left as much of it as he could to her, except when his moods of optimism and affectionate solicitude impelled him to go to her assistance. At such times he wanted to do it all.

On the evening following his outburst at the office he was still resentful and "down in the mouth" when he let himself into his little flat, and the smiles of his wife as she raised her rosebud lips to receive his kiss of greeting failed to dispel his gloom.

"You seem out of sorts tonight, dear," she said solicitously. "Anything wrong at the office?"

"Nothing in particular. I'm tired and hungry after slaving all day in this awful heat, that's all."

"Never mind, supper's all ready, so sit down and tuck in."

"What did you get?"

"Chops and potatoes."

Joe turned up his nose, but took his seat at table and began to eat. He answered his wife's questions in monosyllables. His thoughts, it was plain, were not on his meal or Emma's conversation, and, seeing that he was preoccupied and troubled, she ceased to try to engage his attention.

"I paid the gas bill today," he vouchsafed at length. "Ninety cents more than last month."

"Ninety cents more!" she commented with concern. "I'm sure we didn't use half as much. And we owe the butcher four-sixty."

"Every month it costs more to live. I don't know what we are going to do, I'm sure."

"I'm sorry, Joe. Goodness knows I try to be as economical as I can."

"I know, but it's all wrong. It's all wrong that you should be spoiling your hands with those beastly greasy pans. They weren't meant for such work. I wish we could afford a hired girl."

"So do I, but we can't, so what's the use of wishing? Didn't you get the raise you asked Captain Williams for?" she inquired.

"No."

He hung his head and lapsed into gloomy silence. She dropped the morsel she was raising to her mouth and rose from the table, filled with dismay, her appetite completely gone. Tears of disappointment followed the realization of what the failure of their plans meant, for neither had doubted that his request would be complied with, and she had built many castles in the air on the strength of it. A few dollars more a week added to their distressingly small income would have meant much to them. But, gazing at her husband sitting there utterly dejected and crushed, her heart went out to him in pity and love, and she moved over to his chair and put her arm consolingly round his neck.

"Never mind, Joe, boy," she urged; "don't look so solemn. We're no worse off than we were before, and you'll win out some day."

She placed her hand under his chin and raised his head to kiss him. He saw that she was smiling at him encouragingly through her tears, but refused to be comforted.

"I made out the payroll today," he said. "Three other men in the office who also asked for a raise last month got it; so did Smith."

"What, Jimsy?" she asked.

"I said Smith. There's only one Smith in the office," he replied somewhat surlily.

"Well, I'm glad for Jimsy's sake he got what he wanted."

"I think he told Williams to come across with more money or he'd quit."

"How much did he ask for?"

"Eighteen hundred."

"Eighteen hundred? My gracious, isn't that fine?"

"It means that he'll be getting nearly \$5,000 a year now. Great for him, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed it is."

"I saw Jimsy today. Asked him to come to supper. He said he would if he could."

"I wonder why he didn't?"

Her husband did not answer immediately. When he did he burst out savagely:

"Suppose he thought we couldn't afford it. Two don't eat as much as three."

"Why, Joe, how absurd!" she laughed, beginning to gather up the supper plates. "Jimsy knows it's pot luck."

"That's the trouble. Jimsy knows—your mother knows—Williams knows—everybody knows, and they're always talking about how you've got to work and slave because you married me and all that sort of stuff."

"Jimsy doesn't."

"Well, he thinks it, and your mother's always rubbing it in, harping on the same old string—that I ain't worthy of you, that it's a shame the way you have to work and slave, that I don't seem to get along at all and that you—"

"Oh, don't mind mother; you know her."

"She never did want us to marry."

"But dear old dad did, and he was the one I wanted to please—after you, Joe, of course. Mother is just a bit peculiar. I'm sure she doesn't understand me much, and I'm equally sure that I don't understand her, so we won't bother about her. Just sweep up a bit, will you, while I wash the dishes? Jimsy may drop in by and by."

Brooks went into the kitchen, donned an apron from force of habit instilled into him by his wife, ever careful of his clothes, and reappeared with a carpet broom and a dust cloth. He was laboring under excitement, as was manifest by the reckless manner in which he used the broom. Finally, with an expression of determination, he said in a firm voice:

"Emma, you know it will be six months or a year before I get another chance at a raise—unless, of course, I quit and get a job somewhere else. I was thinking that perhaps you're tired and want to call it off."

"Call what off?"

"Why, everything—the whole business. I mean our marriage," he said desperately.

Her eyes opened wide with incredulous astonishment.

"You mean separation?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"What for—because I'm tired?"

"Something like that."

"What an idea! You must have the blues badly to talk such nonsense as that. Don't you think it would be as well to wait until I complain?"

"You have complained."

"No—at least I can't remember."

"Not in words, but—"

"But what?"

"Look here," he said impatiently, "don't you suppose I have eyes? Don't you suppose I have feelings? I've seen—I know that you're sick of this drudgery and all the rest—sick of it and sorry. There's Smith with his five thousand—he wanted you first. You could have—"

She interrupted him sharply, her face flushing.

"Joe!"

"Well, I think—"

"That's enough of that!"

"Oh, well," he declared sullenly, turning away and dropping into a chair. "I didn't mean—"

She followed him and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Joe, I married you because I loved you," she said gently, "and for nothing else in the world. There wasn't any influence except that, and that overcame all the rest—mother and all of them."

"I know all about that."

"There has been a little hard luck—"

"There has been a precious sight too much of it."

"I know you haven't been treated right, but bad luck and ups and downs are what a woman ought to expect when she marries. She has to take the bad as well as the good, and she ought to know enough to accept the one as cheerfully as the other when the bad is nobody's fault. That is what I think, and that is what I have tried to do. But there are some things—"

She paused, reluctant to carry her thoughts further into words.

"What? You may as well say all you've got to say while you're about it," he snapped.

"It's just this," she went on. "Never refer to Jimsy in the way you did. I married you, Joe. Please try and leave unsaid things that might make me regret it."

He ventured no further remark and lapsed into his gloomy reflections. Emma put her arm around his neck and snuggled her face against his.

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Proprietor

Firemen Will Dance

The local Fire Department will give a grand ball at Redmen's Hall, Saturday night, October 16, in celebration of the completion of the Wrangell water system. Committees are out getting everything in readiness, and a royal good time is assured. You are invited.

Will Build Boats

William Fletcher is getting the roof on his new boat building shop back of his residence. As soon as he gets it finished, he will be in the field for business in the boat building line. He is a good mechanic, and has turned out some good boats. He will build a twenty footer for himself at once, and power it with the three horse-power Gray engine he purchased this week from F. Matheson.

A big crowd turned out to give Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Milligan a fitting send-off on their trip south Tuesday. They will locate in Los Angeles, where Mr. Milligan has relatives in the mercantile business.

During one of the blows of the past week, the log boom over on Worenofski belonging to Fred Wig and Eddie Berkely, went adrift.

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

John Bang, the crab man, accompanied by his family were looked for on the last Humboldt, but on account of the illness of his wife, he was unable to make the trip. It is expected he will be along on her next trip.

Notices are posted for an examination at the Forestry headquarters in Ketchikan, Oct 25, for the position of Forest ranger. Further information on the subject can be secured by addressing the Ketchikan office.

S. C. SHURICK, M. D.
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THE SENTINEL

"Charley" In Hard Luck

Word reached town this week of a little hard luck which "Charley" Hooker, the well known drummer, had experienced in Seattle. He and Mrs. Hooker had been down in the Sound country for a time, and when just about ready to leave for the north, Charley had the misfortune to sprain his ankle and will in all probability be down and out for some time.

Sitka School Improving

A recent edition of the Thlinget, the paper published at the mission school at Sitka, brings the news that they are making a great many improvements there. An excellent water system, with plenty of pressure, has been installed, several new buildings erected, and the old ones brought up to date, and all done by native labor.

That old pipe of yours is fierce, better get a new one from Pat's.

Fred and Clarence Lewis left for the Sound on the Humboldt this week. They expect to attend the Tacoma High School this winter.

Rev. Clark will soon be recognized as one of the cult. He has purchased a big bunch of trouble for himself in the shape of a gas-boat, the Weowner. He is having extensive improvements made in the boat and will install an engine.

SUMMONS
In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.
S. L. HOGUE, Plaintiff,
vs.
H. MOSS and EMMA M. CLANAHAN Defendants.
To H. Moss and Emma M. Clanahan: In the name of the United States of America:—You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and Suit within thirty days from the last publication of this summons, and if you fail so to do, judgement for want thereof will be taken against you as provided for in said complaint.

The relief prayed for in said suit is for the recovery of \$107.73 for merchandise furnished to said Defendants by said plaintiff, and the costs and disbursements of this action.

Done by order of the Court for the Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska. Made on the 6th day of October 1909.

A. V. R. SNYDER
U. S. Commissioner, and Ex-Officio Justice of the Peace.
Wm. G. Thomas, attorney for plaintiff.

First publication October 6, 1909
Last publication, November 11, 1909.

Catholics Hold Services

Father Sweare, of the Ketchikan Catholic Church, was a passenger up from that town on Saturday's boat, and held services here Sunday. He returned to his home on Tuesday's Humboldt, and will probably not return again until the local church building is completed.

Board of Equalization

The Assessment Roll of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, for the year 1909, has been completed by the Town Assessor and is now open for inspection. The Common Council will sit as a Board of Equalization on Monday Oct. 18th., Tuesday Oct. 19th., and again on Thursday Oct. 21st, and also on Saturday Oct. 23rd, 1909, at the Council Chamber, from 2 o'clock p. m. to 4 o'clock p. m., upon each of the above named days.

Any person desiring a reduction on the assessment of his property shall make and file with the Board of Equalization a written application therefor, verified by his oath, showing the facts upon which it is claimed reduction should be made.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, this 7th day of October A. D. 1909.

J. E. WORDEN,
Town Clerk.

UMBRELLAS RE-PAIRED
Second hand Umbrellas for sale apply to S. S. Kincaid.

Fred Johnston left for the states on Tuesdays Humboldt. He will probably go as far east as Salt Lake.

Tom Dalgetty was a passenger on the Humboldt for Ketchikan, where he goes as a witness in one of the cases before the court there.

M. Freidenberg, Wrangell's representative on the Ketchikan jury, left on the Humboldt for Ketchikan.

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S. S. Kincaid

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Discount on every

Kenyon Rain Coat

In the Stock

These coats are the latest style and very servicable for Winter and Fall wear. Our patrons will do well by calling at an early date.

Have a look in our display windows for the latest cuts in

Youths' and Boys' School Suits
Men's Winter Suits
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Fall and Winter Top Coats

In our Sporting Goods department we carry a large assortment of

SHOTGUNS, RIFLES AND AMMUNITION

Call early and get the first choice

St. Michael Trading Co.

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

Wrangell - - Alaska

Olympic Restaurant

BANDO BROS., Proprietors

BEST MEALS
GOOD BAKING

Bread, Pies and Cakes for sale

WRANGELL - - ALASKA

Stickine Tribe Number 5

Imp. O. R. M.

Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.

Wm. Cook, Sachem.
A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.

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